



井上堅一 ほか

kenji Inoue/others

『バカとテストと召喚獣』が
大ヒットの人気作家。TVア
ニメ2期放映中。

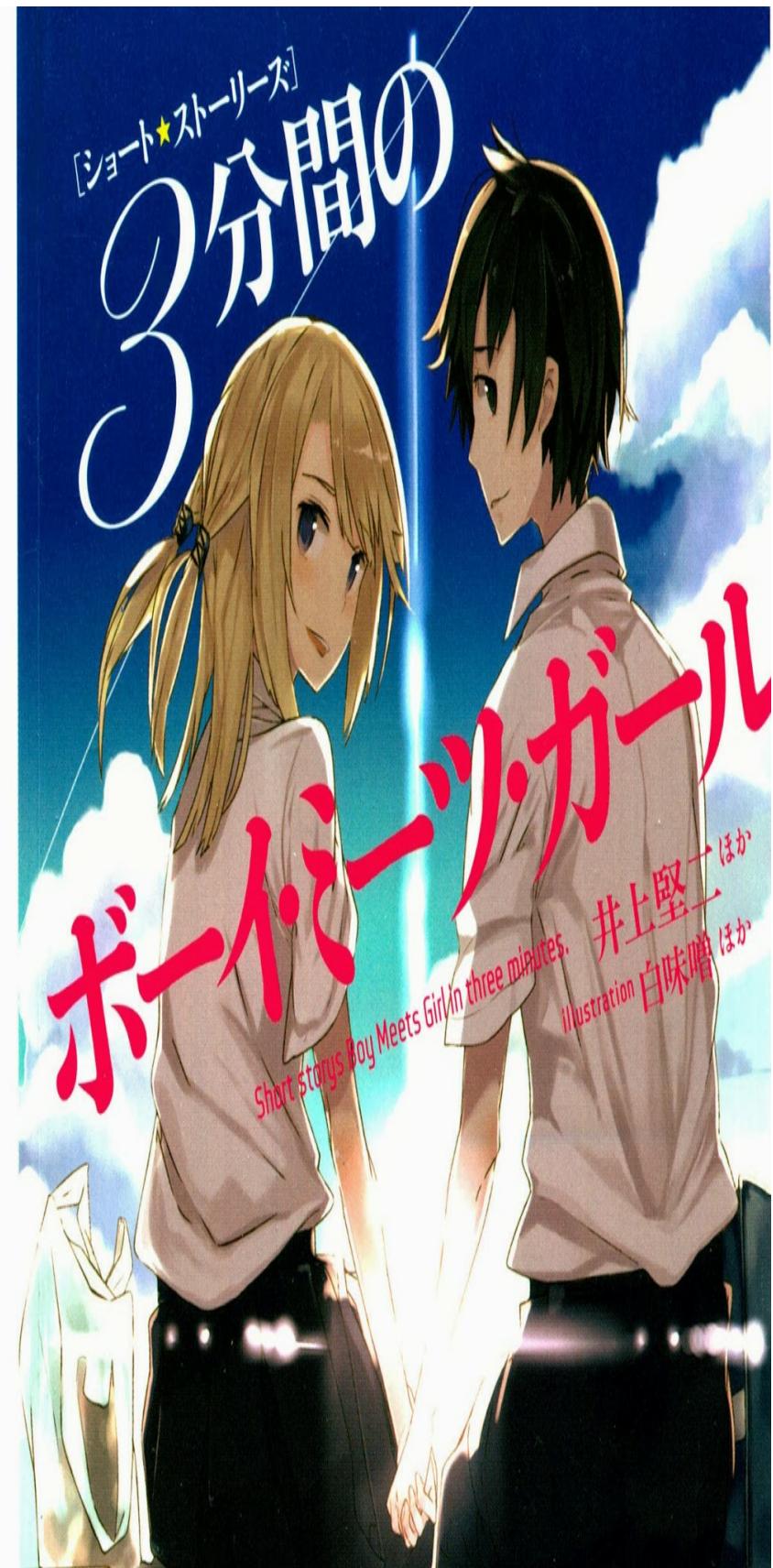
『その他執筆作家。掲載順』

田口仙年堂、日日日、庵田定
夏、嬉野秋彦、榎一郎、本田
誠、櫂末高彰、野村美月、綾
里けいし、庄司卓、前書き、
羽根川牧人、竹岡葉月、築地
俊彦、はせがわみやび、新木
伸、佐々原史緒、田尾典丈。

白味噌 ほか

Shiromiso/others

カバーイラスト担当。今回は
爽やかな二人の恋の始まりの
イメージで。繋いだ手の間か
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口絵・庭、零花、Tiv、CUTEG。
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3 Minutes Boy Meets Girl - Chapter 15

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Chapter 15



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LN) Illustrator: kyo

It was the first time I spaced out because of a girl's standing posture.

And the image of a modern art sculpture I saw before this vanished from my head.

The blinders could be heard being lifted, and the sunlight shone diagonally into the room.

“Kya♥”

Due to this soft little voice, I turned my head over.

In the midst of this dim sunset light.

I didn't know when she entered my room, but less than 2 meters away from me was a pretty girl with an Eastern European face, probably of the same age to me, or a little older.

Silver hair, serene face.

My heart let out a loud thud.

—Such a pretty lady.

And also, she was wearing rather revealing clothing.

A one piece dress of faint blue color and short skirt length—the hem was high up from the knees. The shapely thighs extend out to the floor. The sleeves were shorter than usual, and the arms reaching out from them burn my eyes.

My heart was pounding.

The flower ornament etched on the chest was really eyecatching. Due to how she was lying by the side, unknowingly, I saw her breasts. They were not exactly size ABC, but D or E. The alphabets of breast sizes flashed by in my mind.

In other words, she wasn't any different from the girls of my age.

“E-erm...please stop...staring at me.”

“Woah. So-sorry!”

Flustered, I looked aside, and from the corner of my eyes, I noticed something.

A rubik cube?

The solid puzzle of fancy colors was attached to a thin chain, and latched onto her waist, swaying away.

That puzzle suddenly went away from me, shaking in front of the chain.

—Hm?

I lifted my face.

“Aahaha. E-erm, it's hot, isn't it?”

“Eh? Ah, yeah. But it's only April...”

I thought she was trying to move away from me, and was dejected. It appeared that wasn't the case though. She was standing in the shadow next to me.

She probably was intending to hide from the sunlight.

“It-it's a huge bane on the skin, right? Th-that UV ray or something.”

Saying that, she finally showed a smile. It appeared forced, but I could see her adorable, gentle face, and my heart again jumped rapidly. I thought, yeah, when the skin's so white, UV rays are bad.

“It’s fine. It’s sunset.”

“R-right.”

“Yep.”

“I guess. A-ahaha.”

“Right right.”

I wondered what I should be saying, and in my mind, I tried looking for something more suitable to talk about. However, I guess I was really nervous speaking to such a pretty foreign girl— Finally, I thought of what I wanted to say.

“Your Japanese is kinda good.”

“Ah–erm, yeah.”

She appeared a little listless.

Wa-was I hated?

“E-erm, isn’t that place kinda dark?”

There was still no lighting in the room. Speaking of which, there was an advert at the arts musuem entrance to save electricity. So that’s why the blinders had to be pulled up?

“No-no, it’s fine.”

“Do you like sculptures?”

At the very least, I managed to keep the topic going.

“Ah, yes, I really do. I like anything pretty.”

“Even modern sculpture? Well, almost all of these are a combination of circles triangles, waves and so on. Give or take a few human sculptures.”

“I really like these ”

“I really like the combination of such circles and triangles.”

“Oh~”

She’s a girl who has a taste in art. How nice.

“Feels like oden.”

Appetite!?

“Such a pretty shape.”

“Y-yeah.”

“I got a little mesmerized looking at it. Ahahaha, guess I should get going—kyaa!”

The final bit definitely wasn’t because I did anything, but because she timidly shrank back, having touched the soft sunset light that extended out.

“I-I’m—a little.”

If this keeps up, there’ll be trouble. This little muttering reached my ears.

“Eh?”

“Ah, erm, I should get...ahh!”

“Eh!”

My vision naturally landed upon her breasts. That’s because!

The flower ornament—on the chest flew by from the front.

The 3D shutter—thud!

Ohh!

It’s no longer at the level of just D or E. Right, a gigantic, or humongous level thud—in other words, it just got bigger and bigger. Wait wait, that’s impossible, right?

Rubs.

The ornamented button on her chest flew off.

“Kyaa!”

Her arms were folded as she covered her chest.

In an instant, her face got red, and there were tears welling up in her eyes.

This is bad! I can't keep look-eh? Ahhh, I couldn't look away.

"Ah..."

She, appearing to on the verge of tears, suddenly turned away, trying to escape from me— "Ah, wait! If you're panicking so much."

"Kyaa."

She slipped.

Thud.

—Woah, she still slipped.

The floor's slippery. I guess the passionate cleaners scrubbed it clean and added lots of wax to it.

—I think her nose hit the floor. Just now.

"Ar-are you okay?"

I tried talking to her, only to hear an 'I'm bine' answer that didn't seem fine. She then started to run towards the exit.

I reached my hand out, only to miss. My hand grabbed the empty place, reaching to the floor. Anyway, I picked up the button.

It's the ornament button that dropped from her. It really matched her flower ornament well, carved in the shape of a rose. As a decoration, it was something decent—it would be a pity to throw it away—I decided, though I couldn't deny that I had a 'this is great thinking.'

I followed her, and exited the room.

I could barely see the shadow. I saw the words on a wall signboard 'please do not run on the corridor', but it was urgent. Let's run after her.

Around the corner, there was a washroom.

"Ah—"

In any case, I couldn't give chase anymore.

—Look inside. I can't do that either.

If I did that, I would just be a pervert.

Click click click click click click click click click!

—Hm?

—What's that sound?

The agitated sound stopped for an instant. Then, I could hear it.

Click click click click click click click click click!

I twisted my neck around, and the pocket at my waist shook. It was a message.

“Everyone’s already out. Didn’t get into trouble again, did ya?”

It was from the bad friend in my class.

—This kansai accent playing bastard! And what's with that 'again'? I didn't get into trouble that happen.

—Hm?

The cellphone in my hand trembled.

“Yesterday too, you were taken for a thief and brought in for counselling, didn’t you?”

...I' sorry.

No high school kid would want to stay around for this school excursion of an arts gallery trip, and it looks like I'm the last one. Can't stay on anymore, so I guess there's no choice but to leave this button to the staff.

I turned around, having made up my mind, and a few adults came running at me.

“Found you!”

“Hold it!”

They were yelling at me with terrifying looks on their faces.

Again, I turned around—there wasn't anyone else around, so that means?

“Hold it right there!”

Blue uniforms. Yellow armbands of the ‘guards’. That uncle grabbed my arms.

“Right, got you!”

—Ehhh? M-me? Why?

“What's your name? Where's your school? Why are you pulling such pranks?”

“Wh-what are you saying?”

“Stop playing dumb! That's the thing!”

A man came along with the guard, and he appeared to be a staff member. He showed me a thin little finger for me to see, but it was a finger of a statue.

“You snapped it, didn't you?”

And I instinctively yelled,

“I didn't!”

“You're lying! The surveillance camera showed you being in that room the entire time.”

I see. I think I got the gist of things.

Till just now, I was in the room called ‘modern art’. The broken finger the guard was holding was probably from the statue in that room.

“It's you!”

“Not me.”

“Don't lie!”

“I-I got a witness! There was a girl! Silver hair, western appearance, wearing a blue dress. She's, erm, rather cute. She was with me, so...”

I heard her shriek when I entered the room. If they asked her, they'll know

that I didn't do anything.

But after hearing my words, the guard, the museum staff member, and the other guard who caught me remained silent. What's with the looks? It's like they're pitying a kid...

"How sad."

"You watched too much anime, didn't you?"

"Looks like you can't distinguish between delusion and reality anymore."

"Wh-wh-what do you mean!? You're acting like I'm lying here!"

"Well, even if you say that...during the three minutes you were in the room, the surveillance cameras only caught sight of you."

The guard said,

"You were the only one in the room!"

Inside the toilet cubicle.

An agitated sound could be heard from a petite hand.

A rubik cube.

The colors started to match. A few seconds later, all 6 sides were of congruent colors. In that instant, the sound stopped.

Playing with the cube puzzle was a girl with silver hair and wearing a faint blue dress. She stared at the puzzle, and without looking at her hands, messed up the colors of the puzzle.

She stopped at an appropriate moment, and again, looked down at the puzzle.

And then—she again started fumbling it with amazing momentum.

Click click click click click click click click!

Her hands were so fast, my eyes could not catch up.

Strangely, while the colors on the cube matched, the glint of wisdom in her eyes increased slowly, and the sleeves of her clothes were reaching towards her arms. It appeared her clothes got largely. Once the sleeve reached her fingers, the colors on the cube matched.

“Phew.”

The girl, of a size similar to that of an elementary school student, sighed, and strapped the thick belt onto her clothes that were dangling by her feet, and waited to fasten the button on the chest, only to find that it was missing.

“Ah, there’s trouble.”

She said, not looking really perturbed, and put the large rose ornament on her chest to her collar.

“He saw it, huh? Well, but we won’t meet again, I guess?”

She left the cubicle.

“Looks like there’s some commotion.”

She threw the rubik cube into the air, and caught it, before looking at both sides of the corridor.

“Over there...what do I do?”

I’m in trouble. I’m in a fix. I got nothing.

“So, your name is Yuzuru Nagai, a first year from the local Fuumei Academy?”

“It’s written in the student handbook.”

“Isn’t that a famous prep school? Seriously...stressed out from your exams? May disease? Or did the anime you like get slammed on? Even if you want to destroy things to vent your unhappiness, that’s too radical.”

“Exams ended, and it’s April now. And hasn’t the Spring anime season just started! If I don’t watch another two, three episodes...no wait! I didn’t do that!”

“Goodness, high school kids nowadays...”

—Well, I hope you’ll hear what I have to say first...

I was brought back to the ‘modern sculpture’ place (which was forbidden from access) to be questioned—well basically, I’m deemed as the culprit.

This was what happened after everyone was gathered.

There were surveillance cameras at the entrance of the room.

I stayed inside for about 3 minutes. During that time, the surveillance camera only saw me.

After I left the room, the guard from a broken statue finger on the floor. Because of this, I was deemed the biggest suspect.

Just 3 minutes. In that time alone, my alibi vanished.

I did see a silver haired girl.

“Oh, so how’s the result?”

The guard with a bearded face called out to a female staff member approaching us. She was the staff member who had doubts about my insistence, but went to the toilet to check just in case.

“Didn’t see such a girl around.”

“That’s impossible!”

But even if I shouted, there was nothing I could do.

“It’s decided!”

“Contact the school. And notify the police—”

—What do I do? This is bad! It’s worse than being deemed as a thief this time!”

“Erm...am I disturbing you?”

I heard a voice behind the female staff member, somewhere below, actually.

I had a look at her face, and it appeared she was a Western elementary school kid. She had silver hair, and was wearing a long blue colored one piece

dress. Eh? I had a thought.

“No access here, Missy.”

Didn’t she hear what the guard said? That girl went over to us from behind the staff. Then, she played with the finger of the statue that was placed in a box in front of me.

“Hey, Miss! What are you doing to this—”

“Weell, I’m.”

The girl showed a smile on her face, saying,

“I’m called Adiat Lee. You may call me Addy, uncle with the a, maz, ing beard.”

“U-un—”

The guard with the bearded face was left speechless.

“Addy♥”

“Ad-Addy.”

“Yes?”

She raised her hand like a kid in class being called by a teacher.

“So I say, uncle. That~culprit is someone else.”

“Huh?”

“So I say, the one who broke the finger wasn’t this big brother.”

She said as she glanced at me.

“B-big brotheeeeerrrr?”

“Right? Of course, isn’t it?”

“Hm, that’s...”

“Ehh, then are you a big sister?”

“N-no, that’s not what I mean!”

“Didn’t I say so? That’s good!”

She beamed, looking relaxed. You can tell on first glance! I couldn't help but think that.

"So, why do you say he's not the culprit...Addy?"

"Erm, first, look at this."

Saying that, she placed the snapped finger in the guard's hands.

"Feel this. Look, this is where it snapped."

"What are you trying...hm? What's with this slippery feeling..."

"It's wax."

"Wax...?"

"Please check the statue again. Hey, uncle, please. Erm, I think it's the same there as it is now"

The female staff member was ordered by the guard to check, and she nervously reached her hand for the snapped area, saying, "I-it's true...the statue here feels like there's something similar to wax here—"

"What did you say?"

"What's going on?"

The guards looked grim as they asked.

"Actually, about that~"

The girl called Addy raised a finger, as if to say 'listen up' as she continued, "In other words, the statue finger was already snapped off! That's to say, it was held together by wax!"

She chuckled.

"...So it fell off just now?"

Addy shook her head.

"Wrong?"

"Yep. It didn't fall. It was made to fall. So that the blame can be put on big brother."

“Put the blame, on me...?”

“Well, it’s a coincidence that the blame was placed on him. It’ll take 3 minutes until the wax melts off, so anyone in the room would do. The shutters were rolled up when the sunset arrived today.”

Saying that, she pointed at the window.

We could see the atrium of the arts mesuem.

“Probably used some illegal laser built from overseas, something beyond specifications. If the shutters roll up, the wax can be aimed at and melted. The statue’s position remains the same every day, right? So, by using the laser, lock, on!”

She continued on as if she was saying—

“I guess—”

She pointed at the tree shade outside the window.

“It was placed at a nearby tree and aimed here. Maybe it’s still there.”

The guard with the bearded face nodded.

“Eh? But I didn’t see anything like a laser.”

I wondered.

“Ufufu.”

She giggled,

“Hey, big brother, you can’t see a laser even if it’s shot past you in the darkness, you know?”

She lifted her head at me, beaming. At that moment, the flower ornament on her collar entered my eyes. Eh? That thing on her collar was...

Too concerned with that ornament, I reached my hand into the pocket. There was the rose-shaped button from the girl who vanished. Eh? Is that...

“There’s some dust mixed in the air, so you can see a bit of light, but it’ll be blurred, so that’s why you didn’t see it, big brother.”

“Really?”

“Yep!”

The girl noted cheerfully. The surrounding atmosphere too seemed a little cheerful.

“Missy–Addy, you really are smart.”

The guard said.

“Thanks you very much♥.”

“No, it’s nothing.”

And because of Addy’s smile, the bearded guard scratched his head.

“So that’s it. That finger was already snapped, and the wax used to stick it was melted by a laser shot in from the outside! It has nothing to do with this big brother. Nothing at all.”

“Hm.”

The girl’s refreshing reasoning caused every adult present to give an enlightened look.

It might be shocking—but did she just save me?

In conclusion, the misunderstanding was cleared up.

While collecting the laser as evidence, a cleaner was caught.

He was the grandson of the museum founder, and given his rowdy personality, he was disowned and unable to inherit even a bit of that massive fortune. He was cornered, and was finally hired as a cleaner...and then, what else? An-anyway, his motivation was revenge.

A lot of cleanup was done, but that was over. It was beyond the closing time, and there wasn’t anyone around. I called my friends with my phone, but they went home. Again, I got laughed at for getting involved with some trouble.

Addy and I were released, and we walk to the exit.

“Erm...thanks.”

I lowered my head to the girl.

“No problem, big brother!”

Addy chuckled.

“I say...”

I was at a loss of words.

“What is it?”

“I guess...this is yours?”

I reached my hand out to her. On it was a rose button, something belonging to the girl who ran away from me.

Addy shut up, and leaned her head over to look.

“...Well, at least you did some thinking. That’s good~ though half of it was faked.”

And she switched to an adult tone.

“How did you realize it?”

“I saw this part.”

I pointed at my collar.

“And then?”

“Why did you shrink so much?”

I said as I looked at her, only to be kicked.

“Why must you look at the chest!?”

“Because...”

I wonder if it was weird, or that it was a pity. At the very least, I’m a guy.

“Seriously! I wasted my efforts helping you!”

“So-sorry...”

After a long sigh, she spoke again.

“Hm~well~ I’m starting to get the feeling, but humans really are a species that differ slightly.”

She said that their species nourished themselves “on ‘beauty’.

“Beauty?”

“Right.”

I see. So that’s why she was at the arts musuem.

“Th-then, why did you shrink? O-owowow!”

“So, I, say, stop looking at the chest already! I didn’t get to finish what I wanted to say, did I?”

“So-sorry!”

“So well...for us, the nutritional value of sunlight is too strong. Too pretty. For example, the sunset. I got careless. I didn’t think the blinders would be pulled up at that time.”

I guess she didn’t read the pamphlets promoting power saving.

“Erm...that means...”

Back then, when I looked back, she was so petite. So, under the sunset–she’ll grow.

“Back then, my thought process was slowed. All the nutrients went to my body, and not my head. It’s troublesome. But I’ll grow to a certain extent.”

“To a certain extent...so, if you continue to remain exposed to sunlight?”

“...I’ll grow bigger. For some reason, I got this condition.”

Bigger? Where?

Ahh...

“I told you to stop looking at a girl’s chest, you idiot!”

“So-sorry!”

Is that so? So from ABC to past DEFG, and to a super duper size–no no, my imagination’s reaching its limit!”

“So...ah, seriously, are you listening?”

“I wasn’t looking!”

Ah, I messed up.

“Why are boys always like this...”

“Well, it’s a pity—n-nothing, nothing at all!”

“Ah. But just like how you eat lots and exercise, we won’t grow back to our original state if we don’t use up the nutrients we absorb. For me, that’s through solving puzzles.”

Saying that, she roolled the cube puzzle in her palm.

I see.

“Also.”

She hushed her voice slightly.

“Our species won’t show up on mirrors. Of course, that goes for cameras too. Anything like shoes, clothes, hats won’t appear on mirrors and when they’re worn on us. Back then, that was why you were the only one in the room...so I thought I should bear some responsibility too, since I couldn’t be a witness.”

She looked aside, saying.

“Sorry.”

The white skin turn red, starting from the face.

Addy wasn’t human, but wasn’t a bad person either. She helped me, that’s why.

“Thanks.”

I said again.

“Don’t mind it.”

We reached the exit.

The sky’s already dyed by the sunset. As the sun was in the west, she stopped.

“I’m going to get an umbrella at the coin locker.”

“Got it. Thanks for saving me. I was really in deep trouble.”

Because of what I said, Addy lifted her head.

“For some reason, I feel that I get into trouble easily.”

“Oh, really? So you’re the type to cause trouble often? Looks interesting.”

“Eh? It is?”

She beamed.

“Yo-you’re mistaken. That’s not it!”

Speaking of which, this kid’s pretty too...woah, for some reason, this smile is embarrassing me.

“Bye then!”

With a smile on her face, Addy waved her hand.

“B-bye.”

I raised my hand to wave, and walked out of the museum.

I turned back to look. The moment she took a step out to the sunset, She started to grow taller—becoming the girl I initially saw. Her lips were moving.

—See, you, next, time, okay?

I felt my heart was about to explode. I kept staring at her, until she panicked and returned to the shade. During that time, my heart kept pounding wildly.

I continued on my way home under the sunset. The massive sun opposite the road sank.

It was pretty.

But I guess she’s a little prettier.